

The Laurens Advertiser.

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NEGRO LYNCHED AT ABBEVILLE.

Mob Takes Negro from Jail, Hangs Him to a Tree and Riddles His Body With Bullets.

Abbeville, Oct. 21.—Taking the authorities by surprise a mob, composed of 200 to 300 persons, entered the Abbeville jail this afternoon and overpowering the jailer, took Anthony Crawford, a negro, from a cell to lynch him near the fair grounds. Death for the negro was made doubly sure, the mob hanging him to a tree and then riddling his body with bullets.

The dead negro owned considerable property in Abbeville county, where he was engaged in farming. He was said to have amassed a fortune of \$20,000.

The negro cursed and otherwise abused an Abbeville merchant this morning and a crowd gathered to inflict a beating. As this attempt was being made the negro struck M. B. Cann, one of the crowd, on the head with a hammer, inflicting a serious wound. The crowd gave Crawford a severe thrashing and would doubtless have killed him but for the interference of Sheriff Burts who

managed to place the negro in jail about 11 o'clock. The sheriff called a physician to dress Crawford's wounds and no further trouble was anticipated unless Mr. Cann's injuries proved fatal.

At 3:30 o'clock the crowd quickly formed and moved to the jail, entering the building from the rear street. The surprise attack was completely successful as a summary attack before daylight had not been remotely considered.

The jailer was quickly and effectively overpowered and the negro secured and hurried to a point near the fair grounds where he was hanged to a pine tree and the body riddled with bullets.

Coroner Nance held an inquest over the negro's body late this afternoon, the verdict being that Anthony Crawford came to his death at the hands of parties unknown to the jury.

Cann, suffering from the injury inflicted by the hammer in the hands of the negro, is expected to recover.

WAGNER'S TWO WIVES.

One Helped Him to Attain Success, the Other to Retain It.

In the case of Wagner we find female influence exerting strong power in some of his compositions.

The uncomplaining devotion of his first wife can scarcely be exaggerated. During the Paris days of poverty she trudged about seeking and obtaining loans for her husband (a Wagnerian loan was practically a gift), she took in lodgers in their humble apartments, she blacked the boots of husband and lodger.

She sewed and washed and drudged, only to be set aside when the days of prosperity came and when she objected to her husband seeking inspiration from the wives of other men. Such inspiration he found in Mathilde Wesendonck, who was the chief factor in bringing forth "Tristan und Isolde."

But the reader should imagine two distinct Wagners, almost a real Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde—Wagner the Little and Wagner the Great.

The latter it was who never forsook his highest ideal in art, who worked a quarter of a century upon a great music drama, "The Ring of the Nibelungs," without the hope of ever seeing it given, and wrote to a friend, "If I live to complete it I shall have lived gloriously, and if I die before it is finished I shall have died for something beautiful."

The second wife of Wagner was Cosima, the daughter of Liszt. Cosima Wagner was a helpmate indeed for her imperative and very erratic husband.

She was his secretary. She stood as the buffer between him and troublesome visitors. She was the diplomat who smoothed out many a trouble that was caused by Wagner's impolitic and irritating ways, and, next to himself, Wagner loved her as well as anything on earth.—Louis C. Elson in Mother's Magazine.

TORRICELLI'S VACUUM.

Experiment That Led to the Invention of the Barometer.

The barometer was invented by Torricelli, a pupil of Galileo, in 1643. In attempting to pump water from a very deep well near Florence he found that in spite of all his efforts the liquid would not rise higher in the pump stock than thirty-two feet.

This set the young scientist to thinking, and as he could not account for the phenomenon in any other way he was not slow in attributing it to atmospheric pressure. He argued that water would rise in a vacuum only to such a height as would render the downward pressure or weight of the column of water just equal to the atmospheric pressure and, further, that should a heavier fluid be used the height of the column could be much reduced.

To prove this he selected a glass tube four feet long and after sealing one end filled it with mercury and then inverted it in a basin containing a quantity of the same peculiar liquid. The column in the tube quickly fell to a height of nearly thirty inches above the mercury in the basin, leaving in the top of the tube a vacuum which is the most perfect that has ever been obtained and which is to this day called the Torricelli vacuum in honor of its discoverer.

The name of the instrument means "weight or pressure measure," and its fundamental principles cannot be better illustrated than by the above described experiment.

Jeems Henry Was Conjured.

"Mars John," excitedly exclaimed Aunt Tildy as she pantingly rushed into a fire engine house, "please, sub. phonograph to de car cleaners' semporium an' notify Dan'l to emigrate home dlurgently, kaze Jeems Henry sho' done bin conjured! Dr. Cutter done already distracted two blood vultures from his 'pendereitis,' an' I lef him now prezaminatin' de chille's ante-bellum fur de permauns ob de neuro-plumonia, which ef he's disinfectad wld dey gott'er inoculate him wld de lee colddated quarantines. But I b'lieves it's conjuration."—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

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Energetic High School boy to sell our several high-grade lines to merchants after school hours. Good references as to ability and character, but no capital required.

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G. S. C., Box 230, Greenville, S. C.

Aunt Kate Remembers her Promise.

Dear Advertiser Readers:

As I sat on the porch this beautiful autumn afternoon sewing buttons on the little boy's pants (it seems to me that most of my time these late years is spent in sewing on buttons), I watched the lad build his frog house. Suddenly he stopped and with his little dirty hands upheld reverently said, "Oh, God take keer of Dick."

"Where did you hear that Lynt?" I asked, started for a moment. "Why mamma," he replied in amazement, "don't you 'member the man who said that piece at the Chauvaqua," and in a flash it all came back to me and also the promise, almost forgotten, to tell you readers of that same "piece". The interpretation of the book "The Printer of Uddell".

Perhaps it will be well to say here that there is a decidedly wrong impression held by some folks in regard to a chauntauqua.

"Aunt Kate," said one to me who has never attended such a one as the Redpath, "I thought more of you than to think you would attend a carnival"—inference to my going to the chauntauqua. I have never attended a carnival in my life but I believe I stay on the side of truth when I say there is absolutely no similarity in the character of the entertainment—noting in common except both words begin with the letter "C".

"What is an Interpretive Reading?" inquired the curious one at our house as we prepared to go hear the lecture. "We'll tell you when we get back" said the lad, happy in the thought it was his time to go!

Well, the definition given when home was reached that afternoon will hold good now. "It is just a book, taken and boiled down till you get all the best that's in it and the man acted the people that's in the book, and he shore knowed his business, too," and here the boy cut a hand-spring or two to limber up, after sitting for two hours in a tent, getting ready to do the night jobs—the first of which was to feed Joe—his prize winner in the pig club.

The lecturer, as he faced his audience for the afternoon, made a good impression. He was a man of pleasing personality, a good voice and well versed in the arts of oratory and impersonation. So vivid was the latter that it was several different characters and persons that was before us that afternoon. The two deacons, prosperous and hard hearted, Mr. Goodrich and dear old lovable Uncle Bobby, all will remember. His subject in conjunction with the interpretation of the book was "Applied Christianity"—the need of every church today. He gave a brief synopsis of each chapter. The first was the scene of a dying mother in a poverty-stricken drunkard's home or cabin in Arkansas. The first sentence used was the prayer of that dying mother, so vibrant with passion and longing, that no wonder the lad of five years re-

membered it, "Oh! Gaud take keer uv Dick". The boy was followed then all through the years—his battle with life—the attitude of the church and Christianity (so called) he meets with—how they in reality treat "the least of there my brethren." The realization of what that Scripture means where Christ says to those who implore "Have we not prophesied in thy name?"—"Depart, I never knew you", came to me as I listened to that sermon—for it was one of the best sermons (and one that will linger always like a strain of music) I ever heard.

Christianity does not mean in going about with long faces and singing psalms (or any other doleful tune for that matter), and passing the hungry and needy by. Young peoples work and part in the church was stressed and it was only where the young people, aided by Uncle Bobby, lent a helping hand, was the prayer of that dying mother in the Arkansas backwoods answered—God took care of Dick.

Shortly after, when the pastor, full of love for Christ and humanity, preached a sermon heart-searching from the text "Take your cross and follow me" Dick and his infidel friend, who was the first friend the homeless lad had in the city found a personal Saviour.

The lecture was filled with lessons for us all and when in the hushed stillness of that vast audience, with the glory of a sweet spring sunset about us, Dr. Kemp painted by words of mouth, how beautiful a life filled with deeds for humanity could be, we could believe it was the voice of God speaking to us and the thought left in the heart of all that to obtain this, was to "Follow Thou Me!"

"Aunt Kate."

IN FIVE MINUTES! NO INDIGESTION, GAS OR SOUR, ACID STOMACH

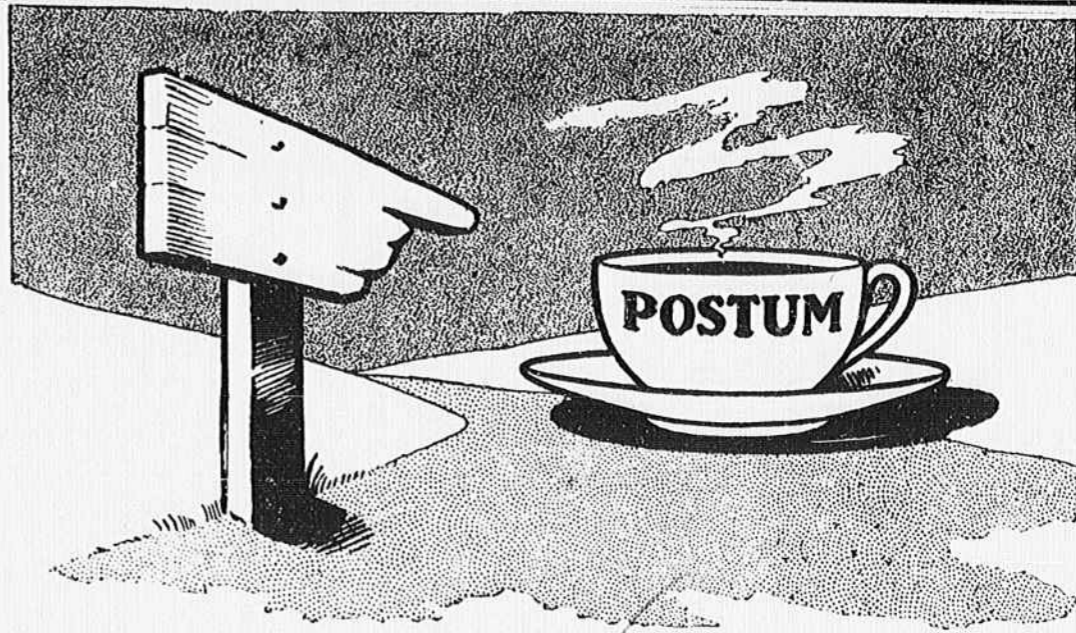
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